

Utah, where anything that happens in politics creates scarcely a thrill, the expose of the Spry-Breeden-Howell incident would have resulted in a wave of indignation which would have swept out of office every man connected with it.

In 1894, when David B. Hill made his last race for Governor of New York, he was overwhelmed with a landslide of votes cast by people who were outraged by his attempt to foist onto the bench one Maynard, who had given evidence that as a jurist he was subject to machine control. This, too, in a state where public sentiment is not supposed to be particularly high-toned. In Utah, while it will be condemned for the moment, and may make those who perpetrated the offense more cautious in the future, it is likely to be condoned at the polls, because it is the "Lord's will." It will not, however, be condoned in Salt Lake county.

Senator Dubois, in a recent interview, made one point against Apostle Smoot which should not be lost sight of. In Washington, he pointed out, Smoot stands on his dignity as a Republican United States Senator, elected regularly by a political party and without reference to his religious affiliations. Now that he has returned to Utah he is "gum-shoeing" around to quarterly conferences, clad with his apostolic authority, and declaring in secret priesthood meetings that the fight to unseat him is a fight against his church, and calling on all members of his faith, regardless of their alleged political affiliations, to stand by him because he is a Mormon and an apostle.

In the voluminous correspondence which the daily press has recently given space, that part regarding the appointment of a postmaster for Salt Lake is somewhat humorous to those familiar with the facts, for Mr. Eldredge had as many endorsements from real Gentiles (not Jack Mormons) as he had from Mormons. And if the unqualified endorsement of the Smootites had been his, he would have been appointed. But in that particular case, he had more opposition from the Curly Callister-Fussy Jimmie outfit than any one else, and the honorable gentleman who imagined he hadn't labored under a misapprehension.

The juvenile journalism appearing on the front page of the Inter-Mormon, under a boxed head, is about the weakest prattle that exponent of Smootism has been guilty of.

One cutting sentence which appeared in the Inter-Mormon some mornings since read "In breed-in' of contempt, he is not so spry as you."

Great stuff that. Who would have guessed Child Malcolm had it in him?

The chilling dignity that enshrouds Vice President Fairbanks has been made the theme of countless jokes by the nation's law makers. This is the latest:

The Vice President, Fairbanks, came down Fifteenth street, Washington, the other day in his finest carriage. He met Representative Brownlow, who was walking. "Get in, Brownlow," said the vice president, "and I will take you up to the Capitol." Brownlow hopped in. They chatted until the corner of Fifteenth and F streets, where the vice president halted the carriage door in order to go into a store. He left Brownlow in the carriage. Two or three representatives, walking to the Capitol, came along and found Brownlow there, sitting in state. "Hi, Brownlow," said one of them, "how about this? When did you get a turnout like that and what are you doing here?" "Nothing," Brownlow replied. "Nothing at all; merely getting a free ride in the ice wagon."

The laying of the cornerstone of Westminster college will take place at four o'clock on August 23rd.

### "YOU SABLE ME."

(By Wallace Irwin.)

Based on a True Story of the San Francisco Fire.

Believe in Chinese exclusion?  
Well, maybe I did before  
The day of the great confusion  
When the quake in it swathed upore  
The roots of the town, and the Reaper  
Mowed us with flame—then I saw  
The faith of a race that's deeper  
Than any Exclusion law.

Yes, I took in the politicians'  
Rhetoric, buncomb air;  
Who, from their fat positions,  
Mentioned "the white man's share,"  
The white man's right to bully  
The race with the braided queue—  
Kick 'em from boat to alley,  
Cheat 'em in bench, in pew.

Bong was the name of our coolie;  
Long-fingered, Canton boy—  
When at his job with a truly  
Pagan sort of joy.  
Serving-man, cook and waiter,  
Roust-about, general slob—  
That's what the Chinese hater  
Calls "taking a white man's job."

We lived in the Rincon section,  
Alice, the kid and I.  
Bong was the home protection,  
And held his position high.  
Gentle he was with the baby—  
Never was cross or grim,  
Used to explain "Oh, maybe  
I catchem 'lil gal like him!"

When I left for the office early  
In the era before the Wreck,  
After I'd kissed my girlie  
And the Kid hung close to my neck.  
Then I'd chuckle to Bong, "You Chinker,  
Take care of 'em both, d'ye see?"  
So the coolie would grin like a tinker  
And answer "You sable me!"

Bong, though his head was level,  
His conscience ironed to a gloss,  
Rather worshipped the Devil  
And sneered at the "Christian joss."  
He learned from the heathen sages  
A budget of useful lore,  
And I found him investing his wages  
In a Chinese general store.

Those years that I spent with Alice  
On the hills of our merriment!  
Every man's house was his palace,  
(We're living now in a tent),  
By the sweet bay we slumbered,  
From the gay height looking down—  
Who thought that our days were numbered,  
And hell was beneath the town?

### II.

I was away in Seattle;  
The earthquake rumbled through  
Like a jar of a mighty battle—  
Then the news of the horror grew.  
"San Francisco is shaken—  
Half of the buildings down—  
Dead from the ruins taken—  
Fire is sweeping the town!"

How I tore to the station,  
Drunk with a man's despair;

*Veuve*  
**Clicquot**  
**Champagne.**

Sec and Brut

The  
standard  
of fine  
champagne

Sold everywhere

**WELL**

HOW  
DO YOU  
LIKE

*"Nutrito"?*

Great cereal coffee, isn't it?  
Makes your stomach  
glad!

**KNOTTS & KNOTTS**

Not a Citizen's Alliance product, but a  
good article to use while trying to assimilate  
Colorado Supreme Court decisions

*Men who are  
particular  
in dress*

Are now beginning to ask Gordon when the new suitings will be in. The best dressed men in Salt Lake and the western states depend upon Gordon—they get style made of material that looks good as long as the suit is worn, and no fancy prices.

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IN THE DOOLY BLOCK